Numb. 6.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, March 8. 1681.

Jeſt, WELL now I perceive hanging and marrying go by Deſtiny, and I believe that will be the End of this match. If this be wedding, I have enough on't a Conſcience, and would chuſe to be hang'd twice rather than be once ſo married.

Earn. What's the matter, Brother, in the penitential ſuit to day? You do not look ſo merry about the mouth as you were wont.

Jeſt, O my Dear Brother! I am glad I have found you, for I have almoſt loſt my ſelf; I have been frighted out of my wits. I never heard ſuch ſtories at a wedding in my life. All the Diſcourſe was of Tragedies, Treaſon, Murders, Maſſacres, Tyranny, Deſigns, War, Fire, Sword, that I was afraid like the Gentleman you wot of, that the Bowling-Green would have fallen about our Ears. I thought the *French* had been in *Turtle-Fields*, and the Pope at *Milend-Green*, and ALL was loſt.

Earn. You might ee'n have been wiſer than to keep ſuch Company, this *Popular Fears*, and Mrs. *Jealouſies* never came into any company in their Lives but they ſet 'em together by the Ears, and while they are quarrelling they pick their Pockets. But prithee give us a Narrative of the Entertainment.

Jeſt, Why, Mrs. *Apparition* brought ſuch a Gang with her, there was *Cain* and *Judas*, *Achitophel* and *Abſalom*, *Marius*, and *Oliver*, *Mazarin* and *Argyle*, *Pilate* and *Bradſhaw*, *Ravillac* and *Hugh Peters*, and the Devil and all I think: ſuch a Company of names and faces, as if I had not been well grounded in my Religion, I think I ſhould have been tempted to Atheiſm or Hobbiſm, which is the ſame thing.

Earn. On, on, for I long to know the whole Scene.

Jeſt, Then ſo well as I can remember I'le give you an Account. At the upper End of the Table ſate Mrs. Bride looking nine ways at thrice, on her right hand was placed Puſs in her Majeſty, the *Good-Old-Cauſe*, ſimpering like a Furmetry Kettle; on her left hand *Joan* Protectoreſs in great perplexity how to Rule theſe thre ſtiffnecked Nations, and ſo on.

Earn. And who officiated for Chaplain?

Jeſt, Oh they were paſt Grace before I came; and before they had dined their Chaplain in Ordinary *Fra. Smith*, was got above Ordinances, as bumpſie as he was when he was ſuſpended *ab Officio* by the Anabaptiſt Sanedrim.

Earn. Come, the Bill of Fare, I know it was a ſplendid Treat.

Jeſt. The Sheriffs Table's an Aſs to it. There was a dozen Veniſon Paſties made of the Tower-Lions, who died purpoſely for this Entertainment. Two or three Dozen of Roaſted Abhorrers which they commended for the fatteſt goodlieſt Fools, and far beyond your Wheat-Ears: Then there was a Tony-Pye, a Soop of Epiſcopal Porredg, which was thickned with ſliced Cathedrals, and went down with a *Gauſt*.

Earn. You have no skill I find in Kitchin Heraldry, you do not marſhal them right.

Jeſt, I made that remark upon it my ſelf, but one of the Servitors informed my ignorance, that all the glory of the Treat conſiſted in the agreeable Confuſion, and that all the Company hated Order and Uniformity more than the Devil.

Earn. Well, Proceed.

Jeſt, There was an Oglio, Uglio, what d'ye call it, of all Religions with Sippets of Atheiſm; a Haſh of Delinquents and Malignants, cut as ſmall as fleſh to the pot. A large Diſh of dried Aſſes Ears and Foxes Tongues which had been hung in the Chimney of Rebellion, till they look'd as black as ſoot without, and as red as blood within.

Earn. And pray how were you diſpoſed of?

Jeſt, I was never ſo affronted at a wedding in all my life, they put me to keep company with old *Freeman* the Piper.

Earn. So then you had Muſick.

Jeſt, Yes, as good as that of the ſqueaking of a Cart-wheel, or the Chorus of *Hogs-Norton*, where the Pigs play the Organs. We had a Song too Sir, I would you ſhould know it, of their own Poet *Laureats* making, Mr. *Settle-brain* I think they call him.

Earn. Pray oblige me with it.

Jeſt, It was in imitation of the Old Blackſmith and the Brewer; The Praiſe of a neceſſary Utenſil at a wedding ycleped a *Tap*. I have forgot the beginning but I'le repeat what I can:

The Rump who upon the late King incroach'd
And with ſtumm'd Rebellion the Nation debauch'd
Without a Tap could never have broach'd
Which no Body can deny.
The 'hyters, and 'pendents who boaſt themſelves Loyal,
To brought their King to a Weſtminſter *Tryal:*
And at His own Gate they Tap'd the Blood-Royal.
Which &c.
Old Nol *the fam'd Brewer of* Huntington *Town,*
Who brew'd and drunk three Kingdoms down:
Made uſe of the Tap to ſwallow the Crown.
Which &c.

A Baptiſt Doctor turn'd Politician
To cure Diviſions by Sedition,
Taps a delicate Speech, or a Hatfield Viſion,
Which, &c.
Sedition that flies like bottle Ale,
And makes mens wits half mild half ſtale,
Runs out of a Tap, and into a Jail,
Which, &c.
If any State-Gameſter by playing too high
Has Rook't himſelf, and turns ſtander by,
He takes Tap under lap, and ſo will I,
Which no body can deny.

Earn. Here's enough of the Tap; pray what drink had ye.

Jeſt. There was a Hogſhead of Viper-wine, three or four dozen Jarrs full of *Hypocrites*, I think they call it; and I know not how many dozen dozen of *T. Shadwel*'s Virtuoſo-drink, bottled Air, new brought in from the healthful Hundreds of *Eſſex*, the Wilds of *Kent*, and *Dorſetſhire*.

Earn. But pray all this while where were your Friends *Care*, *Curtis*, *Harris*, &c.

Jeſt. Oh they were at a ſide-Table by themſelves, having got the Itch of Scribling, and eat with their Gloves on; the Rogues had nothing that I ſaw, but a diſh of courteous Readers, ſet out with Stew'd Coxcombs, and poach't Comet-Eggs, ſtuck with Tooth-picker-quills, tipt Gules in 48. They drunk a certain black Liquor which they had in Bottles, ſo plentifully that it came up as clear as it went down, and when they had occaſions to Evacuate, they all piſs'd through a Quill, and put theſe two Liquors thus Chymically prepar'd into Bottles again, and reſerved it for uſe. There was written upon the Bottles *Aqu. ſtygia galo-vitriolat. anti-Regia*; with this Liquor they ſay they can work wonders. Take a little of it and dab it upon the face of a Church-Proteſtant and it makes him a Tory, a Penſioner, and look ſo Maſqueradiſh that all the Women and Children in the City and Country take him for a Devil incarnate. Lay a drop upon a true Proteſtant Mercury Brother, and it makes him look like an Angel of Light, with a certain ſhining ſcalineſs as white as Snow, which the Doctors miſcall *Elephantiaſis*, or the Diſeaſe of the *Caſte* and *Elephant*, in plain *Engliſh* the Leproſie of Rebellious Reformation. This will turn Gold into Iron and Steel, make a man as Religiouſly mad as *Oliver*'s Porter. You muſt be ſure to keep it cloſe ſtopt, or it will flye all about and make mad work. It will blow up a Molehill into a Mountain, make ſomething out of nothing, it will ſweat, purge, vomit and bleed a whole Nation, and if you will go to *Frank-Smiths* you may have a Printed paper of its Vertues and Uſe.

Earn. You out-run the Conſtable, Brother, pray to your buſineſs. What never a Deſert to conclude the Dinner?

Jeſt. Yes I promiſe you and a famous one: There was a large Voider of ſuch ſweet meats, as have ſower ſauce; and an *Egyptian* Diſh of Traitors heads, garniſhed with halters, tied up with Bride-favours, which were bunches of green Ribband, and in the middle an Ax artificially ſet up like a Flag, which with the leaſt touch turned its threatning Edge firſt upon one and then upon another, as a Weather-cock doth his head, with this Inſcription, *Detur digniſſimo* on one ſide, and on the other in *Engliſh*, *The Reward of Traitors*: at which all the company ſtarted from the Table, and fell together by the Ears; every one being jealous it was done in Affront. I left 'em throwing bottles at one anothers heads and away came I, and well I ſcap'd as I did, for they were as drunk as Lords with bottle Air.

Earn. You might as well have dined with me upon a Diſh of Honeſt *Queres*.

Jeſt. Prithee give me a ſnap, for I am as ſharp as a Sparrowhawk and ready to eat my fingers ends.

Earn. I have ſome here at mine, to ſave you that trouble.

Quere 1. Who was the greateſt knave or fool of the two; he that adviſed his Neighbour to pull an old houſe over his head for fear it ſhould fall twenty years hence, or he that took the Advice?

2. Whether the Cobler of *Colcheſter*'s *A L L* which he would not venture (recorded by *Fra. Smith*,) for an immortal Pun, be the *A L L* that is in ſuch danger, that for it we muſt go beyond the *Laſt*?

3. Whether a peeviſh Nettle be not the true Emblem of a Schiſmatick, which if you ſtroak it gently, it ſtings your fingers; but if you graſp it hard, it never hurts you.

4. Whether the Author of *the Character of a Popiſh Succeſſor* be a Man or a Devil, who *Pag.* 22. of his Book hath found the Bottom of the Plot in Heaven which hitherto we believed was in Hell. Where he hath theſe Rhetorical Expreſſions of Theomachy. *The very Eſſence of a Popiſh Succeſſion is the greateſt* Plot *upon* England *ſince the Creation.* A Plot of God himſelf *to ſcourge a Nation, and make a Kingdom miſerable.* And leſt you ſhould not believe he intends to ſham a Plot upon Heaven, *As for* the other Plot, *adds he, what was it but a ſecret Confederacy between a handful of feeble Villains, the limbs of the* Roman Hydra! *But alas! with all their deſigns they were but men, and ſuch as we have ſeen them both detected and defeated; But if we are* Predeſtined *for a* Romiſh *Government, that's a* Plot indeed, *a Deſign form'd by the irreſiſtable Decrees of Heaven either for our Sins, or what Cauſe to it ſelf beſt known, to lay a groaning Country in ruin.*

5. Whether he hath not raiſed a *Dilemma* which all his Predeſtinarians can never eſcape one of its Horns? For if Heaven have a Plot upon the Nation, as he impiouſly affirms, what good will all his pompous Scribling do againſt irreſiſtable Decrees; and if there be no Plot in Heaven againſt us, we are in no danger of a Popiſh Succeſſor, and then his Character is loſt and to no purpoſe.

6. Whether *Fra. Smith*, prints more Lyes at his Elephant or preaches more out of his Caſtle?

7. Whether the Mayor of *Goatham* doth not think one pair of true Proteſtant heels worth a dozen pair of Proteſtant Mercuries, and whether his Worſhip ought not to be chaſtiſed for leaving his Lady in the Lurch?

8. Whether *Ben. Harris* and *Fitz-Harris*, are Brothers by the Mothers ſide or only Couſins, once removed to the *French* Intereſt and Popiſh Cauſe?

9. Whether *Ben. Harris* his *Weekly Diſcoverer*, be not a party concern'd in the New Meal Tub, who *Quere* the third, ſcatters his prophetical Duſt about the matter, being reſolved to clear himſelf by crying out *Whore* firſt.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RIght Egyptian *Frog-Spawn Water, to waſh the face of the Church into a thorough Reformation*; *taken out of Mr.* Francis Smith *the Anabaptiſt's Dipping Pond, in this month of* March, *and Chymically prepared, with true Proteſtant Mercury may be had at the* Caſtle *and* Elephant, *Price from a Penny to ſix Pence the Bottle.*

WHereas there ought to have been a Conſult of all the wiſemen of Goatham *about the milking of a Bull for Mrs. Mayoreſs to cry about the Streets, at which Mr.* L. Curtis *the Mayor for the time being, ought to have been preſent, but for certain Reaſons beſt known to his heels, he hath taken a journey into* Bo-peep-land. *Theſe are to deſire all true Proteſtant Mercuries in their Travails, if they meet with him to convey him ſafe to the place from whence he came.* &c.

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